That ſtill records within one, or when
She would with rich and conſtant pen,
Vaile to her Miſtreſſe *Dian* ſtill,
This *Philoten* contents in ſkill
With abſolute *Marina*: ſo
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praiſes which are paide by debts,
And not as giuen, this ſo darkes
In *Philoten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with enuy rare,
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter
Might ſtand peereleſſe by this ſlaughter
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida our Nurſe is dead,
And curſed *Dionyza* hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
Preſt for this blow, the vnborne euent,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poſte on the lame feete of my rime
Which neuer could I ſo conuay,
Vnleſſe your thoughts went on my way.
Dionyza doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murderer. *Exit.*

Enter Dionyza and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to do it, tis but a blow, which neuer ſhall be knowne, thou canſt not do a thing in the world ſo ſoone, to yeeld thee ſo much profit, let not conſcience which is but cold, inflaming thy loue boſome, enflame too nicely; nor let pitty, which euen women haue caſt off, melt thee but be a ſoldiour to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods ſhould haue her,
Heere ſhe comes weeping for her onely Miſtreſſe death,

Thou art reſolu'd?

Leon. I am reſolu'd.

Enter Marina with a baſket, of flowers.

Mar. No: I will robbe *Tellus* of her weede, to ſtrew thy greene with Flowers: the yellowes, blewes, the purple Violets, and Marigolds, ſhall as a Carpet hang vpon thy graue, while Summer dayes do laſt, Aye me poore maide, borne in a tempeſt, when my mother dide: this world to me is like a laſting ſtorme, me hurrying from my friends.

Dion. How now Marina? why de'ye weepe alone?
How chauce my daughter is not with you?
Doe not conſume my blood with ſorrowing,
You haue a nurſe of me, Lord how your fauour's
Chang'd with this vnprofitable woe:
Come giue me your flowers, ere the ſea marre it,
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,
And it pierces and ſharpens the ſtomacke;
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mar. No I pray you, Ile not bereaue you of your ſeruant.

Dion. Come, come, Ile loue the King your father, and your ſelfe, with more then forraine heart: wee euery day expect him heere, when hee ſhall come and finde our Paragon, to all reports thus blaſted. Hee will repent the breadth of his great voyage blame both my Lord and mee, that wee haue taken no care to your beſt courſe. Go I pray you, walke and be chierfull once againe; reſerue that excellent complection, which did ſteale the eyes of yong and old,
Care not for me, I can goe home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go, but yet I haue no deſire to it.

Dion. Come come, I know 'tis good for you:
Walke halfe an howre *Leonine*, at the leaſt,
Remember what I haue ſaid.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my ſweet Lady, for a while: pray walke ſoftly, doe not heate your blood; what, I muſt haue a care of you.